JOURNAL. Test (3)12 parametrica propriate and propriate (1) and propriate (the product to the feet of the product of the produ

VOLUME XXII.

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE, APRIL 25, 1883.

NUMBER 5.

GENERAL NEWS.

The females outnumber the males in Alabama by 17,247. There are over 100 varieties of timber

in Murray county, Ga. There are 60,000 orange trees at Bay

St. Louis, Mississippl. There will soon be three cotton-seed

mills in and around Cheraw, Ala. From one acre of long staple cotton in Rankin county, Misassippi, Mr. W.

Waddell realized \$260. The Ber. Hill residence in Athens. Ga, which some time since sold 'or \$6. 000, is now held at \$12,000.

A young lady near Bainbridge, Ga., has about four acres in onions and expects to realize \$1,500 on the crop.

The number of bearing orange trees on Halifax river, Fla., is estimated at 800,000. New groves are being planted all the time. A bill withdrawing all public lands

in the State from rale or lease for two years is to be ibtroduced into the Texas Legislature. The Key West sponge fleet, number-

ing 70 vessels and about 600 men, is out on a cruise, A large catch of sponge brings about \$300,000 into that city. The entire police force of Birming-

ham, Ala., have demanded higher wages, and refused to work. They are being paid \$60 per month in city script, discounted twenty per cent.

Almost, within sight of the Court house at Monticello, Fla., there are 300 acres of watermelons and 90 acres in potatoes. These crops are estimated to bring the producers \$20,000.

The North Carolina State Board Agriculture have decided to make a full display of State products at the fair of the New England Mechanic's Institute, at Boston, in September pext. An ample appropriation will be made to secure an admirable display.

The Charleston News and Courier states that South Carolina phosphates are in demand in almost every market, and South Carolina fertilizers are pronounced by progressive farmers to be the cheapest and at the same time the m st valuable commercial manures that can be used in the cultivation of our ital is also employed in the mining of tion at the earliest practicable day, phosphate rock.

The great bulk of the jugware used in done by hand. A man can manufacture hour, about 100 gallons a day, but a one-leged jug-maker in Jackson county easily put up 200 gallons. The clay is first ground, every lump carefully weighed, when the the contestants working in pairs. I vessels are formed around a revolving wheel turned by the foot. They are then baked in furnaces and g'azed with they may occupy, and no man will molest glass. They sell for about four cents a gallon at the works.

The story is told that some distance down the Georgia railroad, not far from Augusta, a case was before a Justice, and an Augusta lawyer was one of the attorneys employed. The lawyer, having all the facts and the law that he desired in the case, made little or no argument before the Justice, but to his utter astonishment the case was decided against him. After court was over the lawyer went to the Justice privately and asked him how in the name of common sense he could decide that case as he did. He simply replied : "Well now, sir, we Justices know a great deal more | the best collections in the United States, about these cases than is ever brought up before the court.

manufactories now in operation: Two oil mills, one flouring mill, one cotton mill, two planing mills, four grist mills two ice manufactories, two candy manufactories, two sodawater manufactories, two carriage manufactories, one furnitwe manufactory, one broom manufactory, one tinware manufactory, on clothing manufactory, one wagon man ufactory, one cigar manufactory, one fertilizer works, one iron works, two marble works, two railroad machine shops, one railroad car works, one gin andmachine works, one cotton compress, one oil refinery, two iron foundries, four printing houses, four brick yards,

Montgomery, Ala., has the following

The above makes a total of 44 establishments in operation, which is a fair exhibit for a city comparatively unknown as a manufacturing point. Liberty Hall, Alexander Stephen's late residence, by voluntary contributions, and retain in it the famous rolling chair

There is talk in Georgia of purchasing and other relies, making it a peculiar pilgrim shrine for the people of the some famous sculptor to make a statue of the late governor, seated in a roller proportionate amount of poison.

The kidneys also relieve the system of a proportionate amount of poison.

—A one-legged and one-armed colof the late governor, seated in a roller P chair, for Georgia' (1916) but to the National Capital.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THE largest vessel in the English navy cost a million and a quarter to build, and nearly a thousand dollars a day to keep them at sea afterward.

Excusu railroads have paid, since 1876, over \$5,000,000 in damages for personal injuries to passengers. In 1876, \$1,435,000 were paid in this way.

THE estimated expenses of the Government for 1884 are placed at \$340,280,-162. The amount of import duties is estimated at \$235,000,000, and of internal revenue at \$145,000,000.

Miss Mary A. H. Gay, who was prominently instrumental in establishing the Confederate Soldiers' Cemetery at Franklin, Tenn., has now undertaken the task of raising money for a monument to the late Senator Hill, of Georgia.

THE charge for third class passengers per mile on the railways of India has been reduced to about one-half cent. The result has been a large increase in traffic, the poorer classes availing themselves more generally of the railways.

New York City has 2,000 rag-pickers, whose collections are valued at \$750,000 per year, while the handcarts engaged in the same business gather \$3,000,000 worth. The entire rag trade of the country reaches about \$30,000,000 annually.

CHILDREN born before the marriage of their parents can not inherit property unless by will, according to a statute exlating in New York, A different law prevails in Pennsylvania, where the subsequent marriage of their parents legitimatizes the children.

Ir is estimated that the wheat crop of the present year in the United States will fall below that of 1882 by at least 50,000,000 bushels. Much of the wheat throughout the Northwest and West is reported to be winter killed by the exceptionally cold weather.

WILLIAM P. ALLEN and Horace E. Jones, of Caribou, Me., have bought 10,000 acres of land in Argostock County, in that State. This land will be settled by immigrants from Sweden, and a new town will be organized that will probably be named Stockholm.

THE Treasury Department has made contracts for the establishment of cattle quarantine stations at Baltimore, Boston, various crops. More than \$3,000,000 are Portland, and New York. It is the purinvested in the manufacture of fertil- pose of the department to put a thorough ers in that State, and a very large cap system of cattle quarantine into opera-

PHILADELPHIA is rejoicing in the successful opening of the cable motor railthe South is manufactured above Ath- way, a substitute for the horse railway, ens, where clay especially adapted to and regarded as a much more agreeable this purpose is found. It is taken from substitute than the elevated road. The the banks of streams and all the work cable runs at the rate of seven miles per

Ar a wood cutting contest in McKenn County, Pa., a few days ago, two wemen won the first prize for crosscut sawing, women really desire to compete with men in industrial pursuits, here is a field them.

INVESTIGATION shows that in Utah the Mormon Church has 120,000 members. in the Western States and Territories about 80,000, and in the Sandwich Islands about 7,000. It has about ninety churches in Great Britsin, and the denomination is one of the largest in the southern part of Wales.

DR. E. R. SHOWWALTER, of Mobile, Ala., has presented to the University of Alabama his collection of fossils and marine fresh-water shells, embracing more than one hundred thousand specimens, together with a fine library of scientific works. It is said to be one of

Jour G. Whirrien thinks that the old Indian policy of reservations is no longer available. "The Western tide of immigration," he writes, "is everywhere exceping over the lines. What is needed." he adds, "is that not only the Indian schools should be more liberally supported, but that new ones should be opened without delay. The matter does not admit of procrastination."

In ourring away the knolls about the old fort at Lake George, N. Y., to obtain earth and gravel for repairing the railroad embankment, the workmen lately dug into what was doubtless at one time the military burial ground. Seven skeletons were exhumed, nearly all of which bear the marks of battle. One skull has his bundle, bowed politely at the chokabel, and when hig, quivering damsel, and moved on, the sand was shaken from it out dropped the flattened bullet.

Dr. Young, in his work on "Malaria and its Effects," says: When the poison of malaria exists in the human body in a hidden form, it will excite and complicate any disease to which the body may be disposed. It becomes a great danger when complicated with local affections of the lungs, heart, liver, State, especially the young men. It is and kidneys. The liver should pass out also suggested that the State employ two and one-half pounds of bile daily.

Larz, the composer, has been supposed to entertain the same enmity for the Jews To Philadelphia Trung regards and that was evinced by Wagner, but in a that was evinced by Wagner, out in a noted by the Camden (N. J.) Daily We have not been consulted as to letter just published in a Hungarian post as one of the most intumerable mon birth or death. More and more the prayer newspaper he denies that such is the in the city.

case, and says that Meyerbeer, Heine, and other Jews were long his personal friends. He also speaks of various services that he rendered to meritorious

Jewish artists, and of aid that he gave numerous Jewish benevolent institutions in different countries during his long French Langua means silding THE English rate of telegraphing is to be

lowered to sixpense for an ordinary massage, any distance. The motion arrived ing the reduction advisable was against the wishes of the government, but time will undoubtedly make manifest its wisdom. Cheap telegraphing is a necessity. The English Government is compelled to meet this need by arbitrary reductions. In this country the demand is likely to be answered by ingenious inventions, which of themselves work area. olution in methods of transmission and expenses of operating. Where improvements are desired in order to cheapen the cost of a system an ounce of private enterprise is worth a ton of government

DR. WM. JAMES, of Harvard University, has made some experiments to test the modern theory of the semi circular canals of the ear, instead of being connected with the sense of hearing, serve to convey the feeling of the movemen of the head through space, which, when intensified, becomes dizziness. He subjected deaf matter to rapid whirling. Of 518, 186 were wholly incapable of being made dizzy, 184 were made dizzy in a very slight degree, and 199 were normally, and in a few cases abnormally, sensitive. Of 200 students and instructors, but a single one proved exempt from vertigo. These results seemed to Dr. James to support the theory which was the object of his inquiry.

WHEN the new electric lights in the Big Mountain colliery, near Shenandoah, were first put in operation a few days ago, seven dazed and dazzled mules, which for five years had seen no brighter luminary than lauterus, turned tail and fled into the depths of the mina. The workmen tell interesting stories about the habits of colliery mules, their toughness, their contentment, and their total depravity. Several months ago the lower levels in the largest colliery at St. Clair were flooded, work was stopped, and all the mules were hoisted to the surface. More than a dozen of them had passed eleven continuous years in the mine, and had apparently forgotten that there was a world of grass and sunshine, for when they were turned out to pasture they huddled together in evident alarm, and for a whole day did nothing but gaze on earth and sky. The probability is, that they were at first blinded by the glare a common experience with their kindred under similar circum stances. Just as they were beginning to enjoy their new life work was resumed in the mines, and they went back to their old home in the darkness,

A Knotty Problem.

It was a sovere retort; and yet a mer-ted reproof for a piece of uncalled-for sperity and unkindness, if not of downright indecency.

They were in the small cabin of a river ferryboat. Two young ladies sat to-gether, one of whom had just had an ambrotype likeness, or miniature, of herself taken, which she was exhibiting to her companion. She was an ordinary appearing girl—she of the ambtotype—with one exception; she had a very arge nose-m enormous nose for such a

On the seat opposite sat a middle-aged, fatherly-looking man, to whom an am-brotype was something new. His garb and general appearance beapoke a man of the rural district. As the owner of the picture was about to put it away, this man put out his hand, and asked if he might be permitted to look at "that

ere pictur?"

The girl looked at him indignantly What is my picture to you?" she retorted, augrily. "Just you mind your own business!" For a moment the man was as on

thunderstruck; then he seemed hurt, and pained; and, finally his honest face was stamped with disgust. After a time he caught the guze of the

damsel fixed upon him as though half ashamed of herself; but she would not break the silence. He, however, ventured: "You'll pardon me, miss; but I had a

particular reason for wanting to see that ere pictur o' yourn." "Well," suified the giri, was used termined effort to maintain her assumed dignity, "what might that particular suiffed the girl, with a de-

diguity, "what reason have been?"
"Wal—it might a' been a good many things; but really I was curous to see how in the world the man at made the pictur ever contrived to get that mose on o so small a plate!

At that moment the boat touched the landing, and the countryman picked up

A man went to a doctor and told him : "Doctor there is something the matter with my brain. After any severe mental exertion I have headache. What is the remedy for it?" "The best remedy is to get yourself

elected to the Legislature, where you will have no occasion to think."

The patient replied if it wasn't for the sake of his children he would make the

experiment. He didn't want them to go through life with a vigno attached io their names.

ored man, who supports himself by long. We see info this world with-driving a cart, doing all his work as quickly and thoroughly as any teamster with the fall complainent of limbs, is ored man, who supports himself by driving a cart, doing all his work as

THE ALL-GOLDEN.

Through every happy line I sing I feel the tonic of the spring. The day is like an old-time face. That gleans across some grassy place. An old-time face—an old-time chum, Who rises from the grave to come And hire the back along the ways Of Time's all-golden yesternays. Sweet Day! to thus remind his of The trush boy Insect to tore of D

To set, ones mere, ids friger rios And pipe for me the signal known By none but he and I slope!

I see, across the school-room floor.
The shadow of the open door, And dancing dust and sunshine blent, Slanting the way the morning went, And beckoning my thoughts afar Where reeds and running waters are: Where amber-colored bayous glass The half-drowned weeds and wisps of Where sprawling from, in loveless key, Sing on and on incessantly. Against the dim wood's green expanse. The cut-tail tilts its tufted lance,

While on its tip—one might declare The white "snake-feeder" blossomed there! I catch my breath, as children do in woodland swings, when life is new, And all the blood is warm as wine And thigles with a rang divine.

My soul sours up the atmosphere. And sings aloud where God can hear, And all my being leans intent To mark his smiling wonderme

O, pracious dream and gracious time. And gracious theme, and gracious ri When buds of Spring begin to blow In blossoms that we used to know-And lure us back along the ways

Il Time's all-golden yesterdays!

-James Whiteomb Inlay, in Indianopolis Jour-nal. MY LOYE STORY.

"Are there no underwriters for human hopes for the most precious of interests is there no insurance?" I had begri tempted all day, tempted by fate and the devil. All summer long I had been trying to clasp hands for a life journey with a man I did not love; a man noble of soul and born to the purple, who set up high lineage against my poor gifts of beauty and song. He threw some love into the scales, too, but I, God help me, had none to give in return. I had bartered erewhile my whole possessions for a few glances of a dark, dark eye, and my note had gone to pro-

Could I, could I? It kept following me about with fateful persistency, for to-night I was to give my answer to my high-horn lover. I tried to look things in the face, to

count the cost.

Money was a good thing; it insured one warmth in winter and delicious coolness in summer, and prettiness and daintiness, and the entrance into good society. Yes, money was a good thing, and position and power, and houses and lands. So far, good; but my soul hungered and thirsted for a love commensurate with my own, which this man, who offered me purple and gold, had it not in his power to give, or, let me qualify that, had it not in his nature to give.

The stars came out golden and soft, and the fragrant summer dusk crept around me where I sat inhaling the scent of the roses. Ambition and love tore my heart by turn, and weariness, too, put in a poor pitiful plea, for I was no tired, so tired.

It was a brilliant future that Reginald Dacro offered me, wherein toil and weariness could never come. I thought of the purple and fine linen; the luxnrious rest; the emoluments! Then my daily life passed in review before me— that of companion to a haughty, fine lady, and a singer in a fashionable church, among fashionable saints and sinners. I began to croon over the old

"In a church which is garnished with mullion

and gable.

With alear and reredos, with gargoyle and groin.

The penitents' dresses are scalskin and sable,

The pentients dresses are sension and sales, the odor of sanctity's can de cologne. But surely if Lucifer flying from Hades, Could gaze at this crowd, with its paniers and paints. Ho would say, looking round at the lords and

the ladies,
'O where is All Sinners, if this is All Saints?" I had entered upon this life from a unloved and unloving home, a home doled out to me by the tardy justice of grand-uncle who had robbed me of my inheritance. I thought at first I might find the sangreal somewhere in this new country, which seemed so fair, but alas! I had not even heard the swish

of wings. I thought of it all-the fever and the fret; the petty jars; the misunderstandings; the pain of incomprehension; the unguerdoned toil; the lagging hours;

the awful pauses.
This or marriage; this or marriage.
It seemed written like a placard on earth and sky. It seemed bound like phylactery upon the brows of the people as they passed to and fro; and soon the word marriage lost all its signifirance for me, as words do after oft re peating. Did it mean misery or happi-ness, bliss or woe? This marriage that rung its changes through my brain - was it God-appointed? Did it mean

God' blessing or His curse?
You know I did not love this man who offered me rest from my labors. He had not power to evoke one thrill at his call. But then love is only one reason why one should marry a man. There might be love and plenty of money, and yet one go hungry all one's ife. I have known such things.

I had tried to make my life straight and fair. I had tried to keep clean hands and a pure heart; tried-God who knows the secrets of all hearts, knows this—to fight despair.

Worn bare of grass From which the silken sleeps were fretted out.—
Be witness for me." We see through shadows all our life

We have not been consulted as to

to I though an about the man of years that

through them your dustries this

and Destiny, whithersoever I am appointed to go; I will follow without wavering; even though I turn coward and shrink, I shall have to follow all

the same,"
Should I marry Mr. Daere? Was be a good parti? as the world said. Too good for me, as my lady elegantly phrased it. I had been born into the world amid

fierce throes of mental anguish. My mother's heart was rent with the great drowned off the Cornish coast, for I was born at sea. She lived until I was ten years old, a life of sorrow, and poverry, and renunciation. Then she died, leaving me to the care of a compassionate world and my uncle. Of him I have already spoken.

My life dragged on with clogged

wheels. I was always at war with my surroundings. Though too proud to express it. I had never realized my ideal of womanhood, or in any way grown up to my aspirations and dreams.
If I had grown at all it had been through pain and repression-a fatal thing always for a warm-hearted, earnest woman.

My uncle, Edward Earle, had cured me the friendship (?) of the fady in whose house I had passed a twelvemonth-Mrs. Lucien Granger, a distant consin of his own. I was an unsalaried governess or companion, our remote consinship being always made available by my uncle. It was during my resi-dence with that lady that my fate came to me. A young nephew of Mrs. Gran-ger's came to the hall. He was an artist, young and handsome, and fresh from a four years' sojourn in Rome.
I need not weary you with the prologue or the epilogue of our love, for words are so poor to express the heart's utterance. O golden days! O tender,

come back to me! Alan Leighton was the last son of a high-born family, and because of the blue blood—the united blood of all the Howards-flowing in his veins, Mrs. Granger interposed her fiat against our ove. dreading, doubtless, the plebeian

passionate nights! O princely heart,

admixture of mine.
It is a pity that blood does not always tell. It was an inglorious triumph to me-vet still a triumph- to bare my white arms to the shoulder during our gala nights-to which my voice was always invited-contrasting their satiny smoothness and perfect contour with the lean, brown appendages Mrs. Granger folded over her aristocratic heart. But a cloud crept into the sky, and

its shadow fell across our path. Alan was called suddenly by telegram to England, where his grand old father lay dying. We had but a moment for our farewells, for Alan's heart was rent with sorrow, and I helped to expedite

But one letter ever reached me. His father was dead, and he was Sir Alan

"My Precious Heles: My father, whom I terilay. I need not tell you how desolate we feel, and how the light seems to have died out of every mook and owner. My dear mother is prostrated with the blow which has taken away the lover of her youth, and I shall not be able to return to you for some weeks. Antounce our betrothal, dearest, to my sunt and uncle, which, you knew, was my intention the very night I was called away. He true to me, my darling Helen, as I shall be true to you. Good-night, dear love. I shall write at length as soon as my mother and I have matured our plans for her ionely future. Good-night, soodnight. May angels guide you, and may the good leather fold about you I lis everiasting arms. Your friend and lover.

"ALAN LAUGHTON."

Two years had dragged their slow length along since that letter came, and

length along since that letter came, and I had never heard from Alan, though craving his presence as the prisoner craves the sunshine. I had written him once, and I had regretted that. was soon to be wedded to an Earl's handsome daughter," Mrs. Grange read aloud from an open letter in her hand; "in fact, it was an old affair prior to his visit to the hall." etc., etc. How I regretted I had written, though the words had been few, merely asking if he had been enabled to procure me a certain book we had made mention of together, and the time was more than a year ago when I had the right thus to ddress him. And now! O pitiful Christ! another woman was to be his wife, and now I must never think of the old days, or the old dreams, or look into his dark eyes, or feel his

upon my unkissed lips! Never! and might live fifty years.
And O the pily of it, out of all this world's million possibilities I had only the chance of two-either to wed Reginald Daere, a man old enough to be my father, or to be a companion to some haughty woman. I had decided upon accepting Mr. Daere. The tiny note of barely two lines I had placed between the leaves of a book it was his nightly

custom to read.

But Alan! but Alan! I had thought him so true, so noble. I had called him "my prince," "my king," alone in the warm dusk under the stars.

"I will not soil thy purple with my dust." I had whispered in my heart.
"Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice glass."

I went down to the sea to listen to its sullen roar; hear it tell its tale of human misery; of fair faces dead under its waves; of gold and jewels lying on green beds of moss; of argosics gone down, the wail of human misery their requiem. I tried to re-member all this, so that mine might not seem such a great thing amid a world of sobbing and tears. It was a good thing to think of the sufferings of others, and try to ignore your own; a good thing, But, my misery! the misery of the girl called Helen Preston!

This girl was somewhat of a genius the people said. She possessed the gift of song and she was handsome, too, men said. And she had two chances in the world, and if she had had money enough to have utilized her gift of song she might have had three.

But she had smirched her soul, for all

her beauty and gifts; had been false to herself, to God and humanity; false too, to Reginald Dacre, for she kept her love for Alan locked in her heart.

"I have sold my soul for houses and nds," she said, "and I am wretched. lands," she said, "and I am wretched Mea culpa! Mea culpa!"
"I have sold myself with open eyes, she said, "knowingly, with malice pre pense. Thave no one to blame. Alan forgot his vows did not make it right that I should forswear myself.

water seemed wooing me thitherward. The chimes of our quaint old church, playing an old song, caused a choke in my throat. I would go and invoke grand airs from the organ, and mayhap I should forget the sea's roar.

It was my wont to go there to practice, and I knew the service would not be held for a half hour. The lights were turned down to a semi-darkness, and the old sexion, with whom I was favorite, had left the key in the dofor me. The moon shone across the organ keys and across my face; and the trailing folds of my white dress looked almost ghastly in its light. O quant old church! O quaint old chimes! Too soon I would be far away from you. over the sea to my suiter's leadly home, carrying with me a heavier heart than

my years should warrant,
But it was too late to look back; and
the fault was mine. I had ruined my own life, and must pay the price. cause I had been forbidden the desire of mine eyes, I had scaled my fate. had bound my hands, and had intened Phobe Cary's wailing words: "Thave turned from the good gifts Thy bount;

l have bundaged into eyes—yea, more own hands have bound me; I have made me a darkness when light was

Now I ery by the wayside, O Lord, that I might receive back my sight."
"Percenvi," I eried, and my head sunk mon the organ and tears stained the

red roses at my throat. "Helen!" and my head was lifted gently and Alan Leighton's tender eyes met mine. "Alan!" was all my aston-ishment could utter.

"My girl, you have suffered," he ejaculated in a tone of exquisite ten-derness. "Helen, my first and only love, how we have been wronged. only learned, an hour before barked, that you were not the false woman you had been painted to me. Mrs. Granger wrote me eighteen months ago that you had married Mr. Duere, and left with him for Cuba." subsequent letter, without date or signature, inclosing the thry pearl pin had given your, left me no room fo doubt. I left England ferever, and have been on the wing ever since, finding no rest for my heart on sea or shore. Helen, I suffered as few men suffer because of losing you, and be-cause of your apparent falseness. But I could not waste my whole life because of a woman's untruth, so I tied up the broken threads and tried not to look back. It was by chance I met Herman Sloan, and in the midst of autual confidences he asked me why I had never returned to America on to the beautiful Helen Preston, who had declined all suitors, and was still unwed. Helen, I embarked that after-

noon, and I ma here, never to be part-ed from my darling. When will we be married, sweet?"
"Married! Alan," and the decary present recurring to me, I withdrew consciously my lips framed the words

'Too late! Helen, my only love, explain your meaning, for God's sake."
Then came a broken, disjointed tale of my sorrow and temptation when I heard of his handsome and high-born bride; of my weariness of the bull; of Mrs. Granger; of myself, of Mr. Da-ere's constant wooing, and at last of the little note only this night thrust between the leaves of his book, making Alan's coming forever too late for my

Rapid hoof-beats along the road, and my courtly lover came in sight.
"Saved! Alan," and my wordscame

"Engage him in conversation, Alan regarding the hall, Mrs. Granger, the weather, stocks, etc., etc. I will escape

by the vestry door, fly to the hall! so-cure the note! and then, O, Alan!!"
"My darling, my bright darling!"
but I broke from his clasp and sped nway like a chamols to the hall. I did not heed that the roses fell from my throat, that a portion of my lace flounce graced a thorn-bush, or that my hair, unloosed from its fastenings, hung about my shoulders. I think if I had possessed a piece of paper I should have held it aloft, and should have shouted a

reprieve! a reprieve:
Shall I try to tell of how I secured the note and hid it in my bosom, of how ran up-stairs and peeped for one moment into the mirror, twisting up my shining hair, and trying to hush the loud beating of my heart, of how ! rapidly traversed the path leading to the church, dodging behind an osage hedge to escape meeting Mr. Daere, hurrying on as soon as I was free, to b folded close to Alan's heart?

"And you will not laugh at me Alan?" ""Laugh at you, my darling, and wherefore?"

"Oh, for my mad flight, for the red roses scattered all along the road; for my unbounded joy at your return; for proposing to run and steal the note, and,

For answer came tender kisses pressed upon brow and lips, and closed eyes, and Mr. Lord Lovel (Mr. Daere) rode forth from the castle gates alone. - Chiacgo Tribune.

Soldiers Under Fire.

Whenever you can find a soldier who, under fire, aims low and shoots to make every bullet wound or kill, you will find fifty who are nervously throwing away ammunition, seeming to reason that the reports of their muskets will check or drive the enemy. And yet this nervous-ness need not be wondered at, for they are playing a game of life and death, At Malvern Hill, seventeen soldier

belonging to an Ohio regiment took cover in a dry ditch, which answered admirably for a rule-pit. A Georgia regiment charged this little band three times, and were three times driven back, The fire was low and rapid, and the loss in front of their guns was more than 100 killed in ten minutes. Regiments have been engaged for an hour without losing over half that number. The fire of these seventeen was so continuous that McClellan forwarded a brigade to their support, believing that an entire regi-But the sen, with its fuss and fret, ment had been out off,

PITH AND POINT.

-A great modiste issued the following directions for wearing a new style of head-gear: "With this bonnet the mouth is worn slightly open."

-A writer on subjects of science says that as a fertilizer an inch of bone is worth an inch of roses. One shad ought to produce a mile of bloom.-N. Y. Herald.

-A Hartford architect says "the best fire-escape is a cool head." We'd like to see that architect letting himself down from a sixth story window on a cool head .- Boston Post. -"Otway, a dramatic poet of the

What became of the third class poets in Otway's day is not stated; but they were probably fired from a mortar against a stone wall. - Norristown Herald.

A seven-year older, with the pun-ster's mark on his brow, at dinner, asked his mother what was in a jar on the table. "Pickles, my son," was the reply. "Then, mamma, please pickle little one out for me," came with stun-ning force from the child, and the mother fell over a chair and fainted .--Detroit Free Press.

—If you want to find a logician, go to your tailor. The other day one of these fractions of the human family was overheard to remark: "I never ask a to doesn't pay you then?" Well, it he doesn't pay me within a reasonable time, I conclude he is not a gentleman -and then I ask him."-The Judge.

-A man drank some Bowery whisky in New York last week, and turned in eight fire alarms before he recovered. In one fire-box he left a note asking the fire department to put out the comet. No villain could have successfully played it on our firemen. Not because our police are too vigilent to allow it, but simply because Laramie has no fire alarm boxes .- Laramie Boomerang.

-"How can I leave you, my darling?" murmured a Toledo lover in tones of distressing tenderness, as he observed both hands of the clock approach a per-pendicular on the dial. "Well, John," responded the girl with wicked innocence, "you can take your choice. If you go through the half you will be to wake up father, and if you leave by way of the back shed you'll be likely to wake up the dog."-Exchange.

-A Chicago paper says that a printer in that city has been cured by prayer. It does not say what the printer was cured of. If he was cured of extracting the word in a paragraph on which a joke hinges, and substitute; a word of his own "to make sense," as he puts it, we will indorse the prayer cure, and give it a five-inch electro ad, free, one year, top column, next to reading matter. All omissions and wrong insertious to be made good at end of contract,-Tenus Stiffings.

to beat him at his own game. What started this item was reading about an American who had been to Europe, and who was telling a friend who know he was a liar, about his trip across the Atlantic, and how, on the 25th of the month, "they encountered a swarm of locusts, and the locusts carried every stitch of canvas off the ship," The listener looked thoughtfully a moment, and then he said hesitatingly: "Yes; I guess we met the same swarm of locusts the next day, the 26th. Every locust had on a pair of canvas pants." The first liar went around the corner and kicked him-

welf. — Peck's Sum. He Laughs Best Who Laughs Fast,

The train had started off. A young man rushed breathlessly in, "Got latt, did you?" "Well, ain't I have?" he responded. Then one said be could en across the bridge and catch at, and ans a merical other told him when the next train would go, and made various suggestions. The chap looked at the disappearing train a few seconds, when somehody asked.
"Where were you going?" Then the
wicked fellow said, "Oh, I wasn't going in it, but there was a fellow in the train to whom I promised to pay a bill,"

"Please," "Human nature," says a writer for young women, "resents the imperative mood," Do think of this, girls. If you ask a child to wait on you, say "Please, Be polite to servants and inferiors. Be courteous even to the eat. Why push her roughly aside, or invite her claws? If kind good-nature and gentleness rided in every home, what sunlight would home enjoy! A great deal depends upon the girls—the sisters, the daughters.

-In one of the courts of Saratoga County, the other day, the counsel for a prisoner, charged with robbery, tried to prove an alibi. The prosecuting attornev read to the jury "Pickwick Papers" between Sam Well-er and his father, in which the old man informs his son that "There is nothing like a allybi." Dickens' sketch had more effect upon the jary than a dozen chap-ters of the penal code would have had, and the prisoner was promptly found guilty.—N. Y. Graphio.

-Evidently color blind was that young man of New York State who mistook the cerulean bued contents of a bluing bottle for eider. After a copious draught he came to a painful realization of his mistake, and after writing a good by note to his parents, he started post haste for the nearest dector's office, several miles away. He may recover, though it is feared that his health will be so impaired that he will forever hereafter be "tinged with the blues," as it were. - Chicago Journal.

-A Bostonian was knocked down, in a lam, feweret friendly boxing bout, and his head struck the floor with a fatal result. A Texan's brain suffered such a concussion from a hard blow in a sparring exhibition that he died next day, A kansas fighter undertook, on a wager, to
sas fighter undertook, on a wager, to
prevent a traveling pugilist from knocking him out in four rounds; and though
ing him out in four rounds; and though
soft gloves were used, he received a
finishing stroke in the neck. He apfinishing stroke in the neck. parently recovered in a few hours, but soon went into a decline, and was dead at the end of a menth.—N. Y. Son.

THE THE W